

Tyler Herro

Jack Harlow

Yeah The ones that hate me the most look just like me
You tell me what that means
Make a slick comment and see what that brings
I seen it go down, we can reenact things
Extreme like BMXing
These boys pussy and they PMSing
People in the city see the movement occurring
And say: My God, I wanna be in that scene
Damn right, you wanna be in this scene
She at the video tryna be in this scene
Used to fantasize 'bout bein' this seen (seen)
Bluegrass girl, but she got big dreams
Can't touch me, I got instincts
Locked in the house, but I'm plottin' things
I brought a gang to the party with me
Five white boys, but they not NSYNC (yeah, woo)
Fuck what y'all think
Fuck everything that you say about me
My dawgs like to play Madden and 2K
But one thing they don't do is play about me
My homeboy Tyler, he play in South Beach
He told me this summer he gon' fix my jumper
I told Boi-1da that we might got a thumper
I been tryna pop, now I'm on like Shumpert (yeah, yeah, yeah)
Now they on my bumper
Green room chock-full of all my comforts
Hotel room like heaven on earth
Got angels in my bed with some all-white covers
Ace Pro, Nemo, Lucci and Quiiso, Shloob, Clay, 2for
And I got a few more I call my brothers
I got a lot of flows and they all like butter, ooh (ah)
You know what that means
I came home nice, but I'm goin' back mean
I'm 'bout to globe-trot when they know a vaccine
Mothafuckers act lost, but they know exactly what's goin' on
Made a mil' and I don't know what to blow it on
I tell the critics: Shut up, like my show is on
Gave a T-shirt to her, said: Throw it on
She one of many high school classmates I'm growin' on (growin' on, growin' on)
My peers ain't poppin', they don't know what's goin' wrong
Y'all well dressed, but you ain't got soul and you just can't sew it on
I'm tryna tell y'all boys, I got a few songs I could sell y'all boys

I tried it back then, it was: Hell nah, boy (nah)
Now I'm in a box like a Kellogg's toy (like a, like a, ooh)
The ones that hate me the most look just like me (like me)
You tell me what that means
Make a slick comment and see what that brings
I seen it go down, we can reenact things (let's do it)
Extreme like BMXing
These boys pussy and they PMSing (woo)
People in the city see the movement occurring
And say: My God, I wanna be in that scene (that's right)
Damn right, you wanna be in this scene
She at the video tryna be in this scene (scene)
Used to fantasize 'bout bein' this seen
Bluegrass girl, but she got big dreams
Can't touch me, I got instincts
Locked in the house, but I'm plottin' things
I brought a gang to the party with me
Five white boys, but they not NSYNC (no, they not NSYNC, no, they not NSYNC)Word to JT,
no, they not NSYNC
Word to JT, no, they not NSYNC
No, they not NSYNC, no-no
No, they not NSYNC, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh, oh-oh

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>